

Emperor's Song

Fish

What would you do if it all broke up?
What would you do if the doors were shut?
And the pearls are being eaten by the swine.
What would you do when the worms don't turn?
There's nothing left nowhere to run.
And it's looking slightly bleaker every day.
Do you follow your heart, do you follow the drum?
Do you follow the flag, do you shoulder the gun?
Do you slow march off the edge, with head held high?
Do you do down gently without a fight?
Do you take it on the chin and beg for more?
When the sword is raised and the trumpet calls,
You bow down, bow down, bow down to the Emperor's song.
Did you believe in the post-war dream?
Do you hate dealing with machines?
And one's picking up your prayer off the phone.
You followed advice, you followed the work.
You followed the rules, you gave it your lot,
But a younger man's just taken on your job.
We've all got long term contracts with the man upstairs,
But who's picking up the options on our souls?
When it's one life firm and the deal is up,
You bow down, bow down to the Emperor's song.
What do you do when its all too much?
When you're out of luck and out of touch,
And you can't relate to anything they say?
What you do when it gets too tough,
When you want to say that enough's enough?
You want to walk away and just throw in the towel.
Do you go with the grain, do you go with the tide?
Do you go with the crowd, do you go for the ride?
Do you hang on in until the bitter end?
There's a bandwagon leaving but it's not for me.
I've swallowed all the hooks and want no more.
But when the lights are dimmed and the curtain calls,
You bow down, bow down, to the Emperor's song.